MARCH 1920

Little Folks

15 c.
a copy

$1.50
a year

S.E.CASSINO CO., SALEM, MASS.

It looks like a revolver

THERE IS ONLY ONE REPEATER

in the world that breaks to load like a revolver

That Repeater is the Premier Fifty Shot Safety. It is altogether different from the old-fashioned cap pistol, and very much superior to it. The fact that it breaks to load allows you to place a roll of fifty caps in it at one time. It looks like a real revolver, too. There is no make-believe about the action of this pistol.

IT SHOOTS EVERY TIME YOU PULL THE TRIGGER

No matter how many times or how fast you pull the trigger, the Premier will shoot until every cap in the roll has exploded. There's no stopping to reload after every shot, either. Its construction is simple, and assures positive action.

No Accidents Come of Play With the Premier

Although the caps are large and noisy, they are safe, and, indeed, the whole pistol is built in such a way that it is an absolutely harmless noisemaker for both boys and girls. Boys all vote for the Premier, once they have used it, and girls who play with it lose their timidity of firearms.

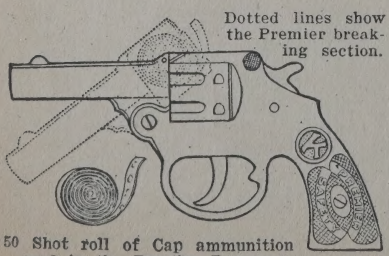
Every Pretend Soldier, Hunter, Cowboy, Etc.

should carry a Premier. They are just great for skirmishes, sham battles, wild west stunts and the like.

There Should Be No Delay This Year

in getting your Premier. Last year our supply was limited and we had some difficulty in filling orders promptly. This year we are well stocked up, and there is no reason why, if you send for your Premier at once, that it cannot be sent you within a few days after we receive your order.

A Premier Will Be Given



Dotted lines show the Premier breaking section.

50 Shot roll of Cap ammunition used in the Premier Repeater.

for one new yearly subscription to LITTLE FOLKS (not your own), or for ten new four months' trial subscriptions at 25c. each.

OR

a PREMIER, with ten rolls of caps will be sold for 50c. to those readers whose subscriptions to LITTLE FOLKS are paid in advance. (See date on your magazine or wrapper.)

Extra boxes of caps cost 5c. Each box contains five rolls of caps.

Send all orders to

LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE SALEM, MASS.

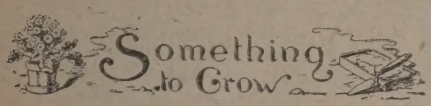
Something to Read From the Editor

Dear Boys and Girls Who Read Little Folks:—

Don't you like this new Something To Do Department? Isn't it fun to open your magazine and find all sorts of lovely things just aching to be done and made? Doesn't it make you wish you could have a whole week of Saturdays and after-schools right now, so that you could make them all and do every one of them? But you really don't need to wait for after-schools and Saturdays to come. You can take your magazine to school and ask your teacher if all the boys and girls in your class can't make the things together right in school. Then you can lend your teacher your copy of Little Folks, so she will have the directions to follow. I'm sure she will be glad to know about the splendid things to make and do that appear in the magazine every month.

Your loving

Editor.



TIME to think of something to grow, for March is the first of the "garden months."

When you are making your garden bed ready, remember that plant roots live on water and on soil, and dig your beds deep, so that the roots can easily push their way down. Add manure, and mix well with the soil so that the roots will be well nourished.

Some soil is poor and hasn't much good food in it, but both California and Shirley poppies will grow in poor soil, for they are not "big eaters." Add manure to either sandy or clayey soil and you can grow roses.

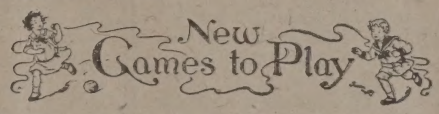
If you want to make poor soil better, and sandy soil richer, add manure and dig it in and manure. Leaf mould is good, too. well. To make clayey soil lighter, add sand

In March you can plant rose-bushes, roots of hardy chrysanthemums and hardy phlox. It is safe to plant any bushes or roots that have been growing out of doors and are used to cold weather.

Why not plant a tree this year? March is about the right time, before the tree wakes up and its sap begins to flow. If March happens to be a very cold month, and the frost does not get out of the ground so that you can plant anything, you can wait until Arbor Day.

Flowers you can sow in March are sweet peas, poppies, California poppies and pansies; late in the month, golden glow and mignonette.

Vegetables you can plant are beets, carrots, parsley, parsnips, peas, radishes and turnips. Don't plant anything until the sun has had a chance to draw the frost out of the soil, and warm it up for the seeds. Remember that you can start things indoors and then transplant them later.



Spanish Seamstress

PUT a large jug on its side in the centre of the room. The player sits on the jug and extends his left leg at full length so that his heel rests on the floor. Then he puts his right heel on the toe of his left boot. This leaves him teetering on the jug which rolls slightly. While in this position, he threads a needle.

Peanut Blow

Take two pieces of string about two feet long, and place on the floor ten feet apart as goals. Place two peanuts behind one goal. The game is for two players to start together and each blow a peanut along the floor across the opposite goal. To do this one is obliged to get down upon one's knees.

Cranberry-Box

For this game you will need three cranberries for each player (marbles will do), and an empty cardboard shoe-box. Discard the box cover, and cut away the whole of one side of the box. Then cut each short end diagonally from the point where it joins the rim of the side that is left down to the bottom of the box. That will make the box slant as it rests bottom side up on the table or floor. Cut two holes about three inches wide in the bottom and when the children have chosen the roundest cranberries they can find, have them stand fifteen or twenty feet from the box, and try to roll their cranberries up the incline of the box and into one of the holes. Each takes his turn and uses three berries in succession. The winner is the first to score thirteen points

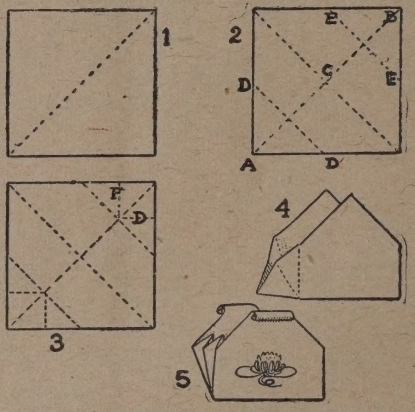
(Something To Do Department continued on page 104)

Something to Make for a Gift

"Here's a ball for Baby,
Big and soft and round."

IF you have any odd pieces of bright colored wool, you can make just the nicest kind of soft, fluffy ball for your baby brother or sister or for some other little baby you love, and this is the way to do it.

You will need, besides your yarn, two used postcards, or pieces of thin cardboard, a strong darning needle, and a pair of scissors. Place a tea-cup or a tumbler on your cardboard, rim down, and draw around the outside, so that you will have a circle about three and a half or four inches across it. Cut out these circles. Now take some smaller circular thing, say a twenty-five cent piece, or something about that size, and place it carefully in the center of your larger circles. Draw around it, and then cut out the smaller circles like holes in the middle of the bigger ones. Put the two big circles together, now, and with your wool, you are ready to begin.



FOLLOW THIS DIAGRAM CAREFULLY

First, slip one end of the wool through the hole in both pieces of cardboard, and tie in a knot. With your fingers at first and later with a needle, keep winding the wool through the hole and over and over the cardboard until it is all covered. Go on winding it through the hole, until the hole is so full that not even your needle will push through.

Now, with your sharp scissors, carefully cut the wool at the outer edge of this round cushion you have made, till the scissors cut into the cardboard, so that you can slip one point between the two cards and cut right around the circle. Be careful not to let the wool be pulled out of the hole through which you have threaded it.

Slip a piece of thin, strong string round between the two cardboard circles, wind it two or three times and tie it very tightly.

Your baby friend will like to see this pretty ball dangling from its carriage top, so braid or twist together strands of yarn nine or ten inches long, and tie them securely around your ball between the cardboard circles, just as you did the string.

Next, carefully tear away your cardboard rounds and you will have a fine, firm ball, which you will only need to trim and clip into an even shape with the scissors.

You can make this ball very pretty by arranging your wool as you wind it into layers of different colors. If you want smaller balls, you can use them for tassels on bags, hats and things like that. If you like, dolly's clothes can be decorated with them.

Things Made from Paper

A SHOPPING BAG

CUT a 24-inch square of heavy paper and make the fold shown by the dotted line.

Now, with the paper flattened out, bring in Fig. 1.

point A in Fig. 2 to middle point C and crease, giving DD. Bring point B to middle point C and crease, giving fold EE.

Next, make the little corner folds indicated in Fig. 3. Bring point B to point C, and crease to give fold D. Bring point B to point E and crease to give fold F. Repeat with the other corner. Now fold Fig. 3 on line AB, and fold the end sections inside, and Fig. 5 shows the tucking is done.

Roll down the tops on each side for handles, and decorate your bag with colored flowers or fruits cut from seed catalogues, or with pictures cut from the covers of Mother's old magazines, or with designs cut from wall paper. If you prefer, you can make your own designs and color them with paints or crayons to suit yourself. Very pretty bags can be made entirely from wall-paper.

Now you can go shopping for the Doll family in comfort.

Something to Guess

WHO guessed the conundrums we printed last month? Of course, it's too soon for you to have sent your answers in, so we won't award any prizes until next month, but here are the answers, and you can see for yourselves what good guessers you are!

1. A sharp major.
2. When he pulls its ears.
3. Because it is killed, then cured.
4. When it is sat-in.
5. Dumb-bells.
6. They spring from eyes.

Here are some new ones, the answers to which we will print in the April number. Who knows:

1. What was the color of the wind and waves in the storm?
2. Why is the letter P like a Roman Emperor?
3. What bird does a mischievous boy like best?
4. When is a soldier like a carpenter?
5. How to spell auburn hair in two letters?
6. Of what trade are all the Presidents?

(Something To Do Department continued on page 196)

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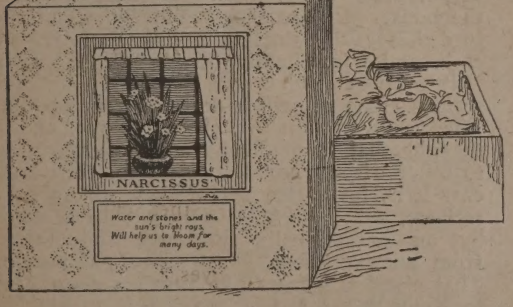
S. E. CASSINO CO. SALEM, MASS.



Some gifts are large and lovely,
And other gifts are small;
But the gift that keeps on growing
Is the nicest gift of all.

Wouldn't you like a gift that had the growing magic inside it, and would become bigger and better and more beautiful all the time you possessed it? Such a gift is this charming little box of narcissus bulbs. Think how much a sick or lonely friend would appreciate such a gift, especially at Easter time. You couldn't find a sweeter gift, no, not if you were to search through all the gift-shops in the world.

Three bulbs packed in a pretty gift box, given for one new yearly subscription, not your own. Cash price, 50c.

BURPEE'S SWEET PEAS

Six Superb Sweet Peas For 25 cts.

King White—glistening pure white flowers.
George Herbert—giant-flowered bright rosy-carmine.
Elfrida Pearson—a lovely shade of pink with a delicate tinge of salmon.
Mrs. Townsend—white with a clear and delicate edge of light blue.
Royal Purple—rich rosy purple.
Burpee Blend—the finest and most gorgeous mixture of Spencer Sweet Peas ever offered.

This Superb Collection contains one packet each of the Superb Spencer Sweet Peas listed above together with the Burpee leaflet on "How to Grow Sweet Peas." If purchased separately the Superb Collection would cost 60 cts. It will be mailed to your door complete for **25 cts.**

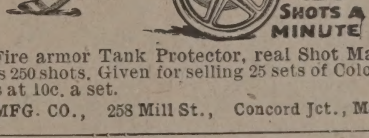
If you are fond of Sweet Peas or interested in gardening of any kind write for a copy of

BURPEE'S ANNUAL

THE LEADING AMERICAN SEED CATALOG

Burpee's Annual is a complete guide to the vegetable and flower garden. It will be mailed to you free. Write for a copy today.

W. ATLEE BURPEE CO., Seed Growers, Philadelphia



Rapid Fire armor Tank Protector, real Shot Magazine, holds 250 shots. Given for selling 25 sets of Colored Postcards at 10c. a set.

BLUINE MFG. CO., 258 Mill St., Concord Jct., Mass.

MINIATURE WAR TANK

This is the cutest war toy we have ever seen; a real miniature of a war tank. It's only about two inches long and goes along at a pace corresponding with its size. You make it go by first drawing it backward on a flat surface and then putting it down. It just goes along and looks as if it really had a small engine in it to make it go.

Two given for one new yearly subscription (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price 30c. each, or two for 50c.

LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE, SALEM, MASS.

Something From Far Away

The Letter Bag

Morelia Michoacan, Mexico.

Dear "Littl Folks":—I live way off in Mexico. I would be very lonesome if it were not for you and The Youth's Companion. I used to take a little book called "Something-To-Do," but it is not published any more. I cannot wait to see the Children's Magazine. I have taken Little Folks since I was six years old, and only stopped once. I am now eleven years old and in the sixth grade. I have been in Cuba and Mexico, but my country is the U. S. I have lived in Mexico four or five years and I lived in Cuba two years, and the rest of the time in the States. My father is a missionary to Mexico, and I was born here. I have a little brother fourteen months old who was born in Cuba. His name is Anthony. Father and Mother teach me my school lessons as there are no American schools here. I have a beautiful pet rabbit, that I have had two years. It is very tame and follows me like a dog. It licks my hand and loves to be petted. Its name is Bunnie Bright Eyes. I had fifteen rabbits when I lived in Texas, but with traveling so much I gave them away and kept the smallest one, which is this one. I would love to hear from any boys or girls. My address is Morelia, Michoacan, Mexico.

Margaret Shelby.

Beemer, Neb.

Dear "Little Folks":—I am eleven years old. I have two brothers, Lorin and Oscar. Lorin is nine and Oscar is seven. Oscar and I like to play paper dolls. I will tell you how to make some. Get a catalogue and find a girl or woman you want, and cut out the head and shoulders. Then find some dresses you like. Cut out the dresses, cutting off the heads, and cutting tabs onto the shoulders. Fasten the tabs over the shoulders of the doll's head you have cut out, and there you have the doll and her dresses. You can have as many dresses as you want when you make them this way.

Ethel Martin.

Lusk, Wyoming.

Dear "Little Folks":—We have taken you only a few months, but I enjoy reading the letters and thought I would write one, too. I like all the stories. I am twelve years old, and was left a cripple from infantile paralysis, but I was cured at the McLain Orthopedic Sanatarium in St. Louis last summer. I was away from home seven and a half months. I live on a farm nine miles from Lusk. I have three sisters and one brother. I like to go to school, but will be glad when I graduate. I would be glad to hear from some of you.

Thelma Sparks.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Here is a special letter that will interest all our readers.

Portland, Ore.

Dear "Little Folks"—I am sending on behalf of my son, coupons containing ten names and addresses of persons wishing to subscribe to your publication, "Little Folks," for the period mentioned thereon. The lad who solicited the new subscribers desires you to send him the "Premier 50 Shot Pistol," and two extra boxes of caps.

As an encouragement to other juvenile solicitors, perhaps you will be interested to learn the details of this young solicitor's effort.

I had just finished reading the contents of the magazine to my three sons—Australians, by the way—when the eldest, Kenneth, caught sight of the pistol and demanded that I read "all about it." I did so. The boy, who is ten and a half years of age, requested my permission to try for the reward. I reminded him that his supper was due in an hour, and suggested that he wait until the following day. This did not suit him at all; he wanted to do it then, saying he thought he could obtain the necessary ten subscribers before his supper-time. He took your magazine and left the house. In less than an hour he had returned, joyfully jingling a small handful of cash, and triumphantly waving the pages of "Little Folks" with a full compliment of subscribers, nine of which are strangers to him. The result was an eye opener to me, and I thought that it might be an encouragement to other of your small readers to learn how easy it is, for a stranger even, to obtain subscribers, when their efforts are backed up by an exceptionally attractive inducement from an exceptionally attractive publication. That pistol is going to be worth a great deal to Kenneth, as it has given him a valuable personal asset—confidence in himself.

Wishing you continued success, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

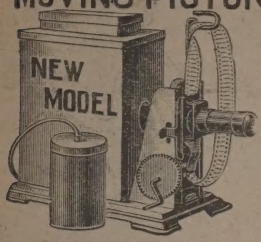
Hal T. Campbell.

Elgin, Iowa.

Dear "Little Folks":—Since my letter was printed in Little Folks I have received forty-nine letters from girls who take the magazine. I started to answer them, but now I find it impossible to answer them all. I am sorry, and hope the girls will not be disappointed.

Winifred Schmid.

MOVING PICTURE MACHINE FREE



This genuine New Model American made Moving Picture Machine with film--ALL GIVEN for selling 30 sets colored postcards at 10c. a set. Write for them. We send them postpaid. When sold return $3.00 and we send machine, film and extra premium, free, of white paper show screen and admission tickets.

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SUBMARINE FREE

Real Submarine, runs under water, dives, shoots torpedo, has propeller, motor, steering rudder, automatic torpedo gun. Given for selling 25 sets of Colored Postcards at 10c. a set.

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PROMPTLY AND SAFELY RELIEVED BY
ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION
ALSO IN
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ALL DRUGGISTS OR E. FOUGERA & CO. 90-92 BEEKMAN ST. N.Y.C.

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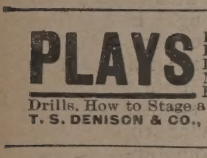
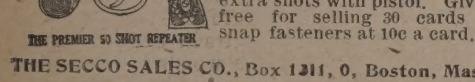
GET THIS BIG REPEATING PISTOL



THE PREMIER 50 SHOT REPEATER

Looks and loads like a revolver. Shoots 30 loud caps from roll as fast as you pull the trigger. Light; all metal; positive action; self-loading. 250 extra shots with pistol. Given free for selling 30 cards of snap fasteners at 10c a card.

THE SECCO SALES CO., Box 1311, 0, Boston, Mass.



Military finish air rifle. Sell 6 boxes Mentho Nova salve at 25c.
U. S. Supply Co. Box 21, Greenville, Pa

ATTENTION—PLEASE! Get This Money

1,000.00 in cash, besides commissions, paid boys, girls and those getting the largest number of subscribers to The American Guide, Everybody's Information Magazine. Be quick, don't wait. All or spare time, town or country. Contestants' names published monthly. Complete plans, copies blanks, sent free. Enclose dime for postage. Address

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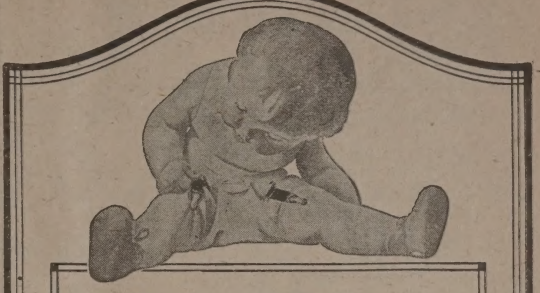


Baby Midget
Velvet Grip
HOSE SUPPORTER

holds the socks securely and allows the little one absolute freedom of action, so necessary to its health, growth and comfort. The highly nickeled parts of the "Baby Midget" have smooth, rounded corners and edges and they do not come in contact with the baby's skin.

Like the **Velvet Grip Hose Supporters for women, misses and children** it is equipped with the famous All-Rubber Oblong Button, which prevents slipping and ruthless ripping.

Silk, 15 cents; Lisle, 10 cents

SOLD EVERYWHERE OR SENT POSTPAID
GEORGE FROST CO., MAKERS, BOSTON

10 Buys ¢100 Engel "Art Corners"

Millions Billions in use to-day

NO PASTE NEEDED

Use them to mount all kodak pictures, post cards, clippings in albums

Made in Square, Round, Oval, Fancy and Heart of black, gray, sepia, and red gummed paper. Slip them on corners of pictures, then wet and stick. QUICK-EASY-ARTISTIC. No muss, no fuss. At photo supply, drug and stat'y stores. Accept no substitutes; there is nothing as good. 10c brings full pkg. and samples

from Engel Mfg. Co. Dept. 60c 1456 Leland Ave., CHICAGO

FREE

All this jewelry is yours for selling only six Boxes Mentho Nova Salve at 25c. Wonderful for catarrah, cuts, burns, influenza, etc. When sold return $1.50 and all five pieces are yours. We give musical instruments, phonographs, watches, dishes, sweaters, etc. Order 6 boxes today!

U. S. SUPPLY COMPANY, Box 212 Greenville, Pa.

WRIST WATCH FREE

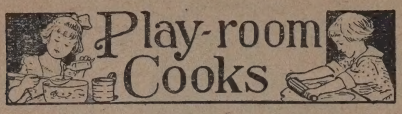
Stem wind & set 5 yr. guarantee, also other watches, musical instruments etc. Free for selling Mentho-Nova Salve at 25c (great for cuts, burns, etc.) Order 12 boxes return $3.00 and select premium according to our 24 page book.

U. S. SUPPLY CO. Box 301, Greenville, Pa.

Free THIS NOVA-TONE TALKING MACHINE

Case Mahogany finish, enameled parts, no motor to get out of order, excellent reproducer, enjoyment for all. Sell 12 boxes Mentho-Nova Salve great for cuts, burns, influenza, etc., Return $3 and the machine is yours. Guaranteed. Records free. Order today. Address.

U. S. Co., Box 416, Greenville, Pa.



SOMETHING FOR THEM TO MAKE

RUTH was sick abed with a hard cold, and Janie spent the day moping around the house. Mother was busy and couldn't play with her and, as she couldn't play with Ruth, Janie was very lonely.

"Couldn't I make something nice for Ruth for supper?" she asked Mother.

How would you like to make her some milk toast?" Mother asked.

"And some for me, too?" added Janie.

"Why, if you like," Mother agreed. "Cut four thin slices of stale bread," she directed. "Use that piece of a loaf in the small bread-box. Stale bread is always better for toast than fresh."

Janie tried to make her slices just thick enough, and really succeeded very well.

"Now lay your slices, one at a time, in the toaster. Put a plate on the hearth, so that you can put the slices on it as they are toasted. Take off one of the front covers and toast one side of your slice until it is brown, and then the other, turning the toaster over. Be careful not to burn it."

"The fire is so hot it's toasting me," complained Janie.

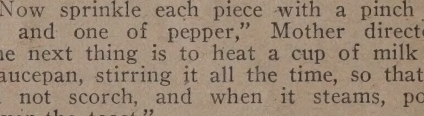
"Toast needs a hot fire," said Mother. "If it doesn't have it, it is apt to be tough and hard."

When the toast was finished, Mother told Janie to butter it evenly and lay it on the hot plate.

"Now sprinkle each piece with a pinch of salt and one of pepper," Mother directed. "The next thing is to heat a cup of milk in a saucepan, stirring it all the time, so that it will not scorch, and when it steams, pour it over the toast."

"Did Ruth like her toast?" asked Janie anxiously a little later.

Mother laughed and showed her the empty plate. "I think she will tell you tomorrow whether she enjoyed it," she said.



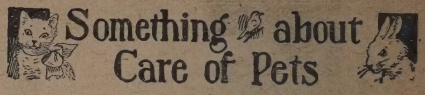
Jessie Clayton, Lucy, N. M., would like to hear from a girl in Topeka, Kansas.

Barbara Hallett, House-in-the-Pines, Norton, Mass., would like to hear from eleven-year-old girls in Washington, D. C., Calif., Fla., or N. Y. City.

Olive Wheeler, 720 Poplar St., Erie, Pa., would like a little girl down south to write to her.

Margaret Uckele, Blissfield, Mich., would like to hear from a little girl in Calif., or Texas.

Jeanette Dixon, 218 Washington St., Monroe, Mich., would like to hear from a little girl about ten or eleven who lives in Fla., Colo., Cal., Utah, or Tenn.



FEEDING YOUR PUPPY

NO matter what kind of puppy he is, he needs special care about his food, particularly if he has just been taken away from his mother. Puppies are like little human babies—they need more than three meals a day to keep them strong and well and to grow on, and they can't eat just anything.

If your puppy was unlucky enough to lose his mother when tiny, you will have to feed him warm milk diluted with water, with a spoon or medicine dropper, and he will need six or seven feedings a day.

When a puppy is six or eight weeks old ,he may safely be taken away from his mother, and then four meals will be enough. Keep his food simple. Give him such things as stale bread and milk diluted with a little water (sour milk is good), meat broths mixed with stale bread, any well-cooked cereal except corn meal, plenty of bones to chew on, except chicken and fish bones, which splinter and are apt to stick in his throat. Once in a while give him a dog biscuit, either dry or broken up in milk or water.

At four months, your puppy will need only three meals a day; when he is a year old, he can do nicely with two, and when he is full-grown he is better off for having only one. Only, at that time, be sure he gets all he will eat before his next meal. Early afternoon, or at night is the best time to feed him then. His food should be the same as it was when he was a little pup, with some additions, and in summer he should not eat as much as he does in winter. Don't let him get too fat after he is six months old. His health will be better, and he will not be so likely to get cross and snappy.

A grown-up dog does not need meat oftener than four times a week. Give him scraps from the table, and once in two weeks give him some cooked liver or kidney. It is good for his digestion.

Dogs differ in what they think tastes good as much as boys and girls do, and while you must be sure to give your dog variety, you will soon learn what things he does not like. Never give him rich foods or sweets, or food having to much seasoning or butter.

Try to keep your dog away from garbage pails and remember not to feed him between meals. And do be sure that there is always a pan of fresh drinking water at hand for him, for he needs a good deal of it. Do not use his drinking pan for food, and do not use a tin pan. Your puppy should have his own dishes and you must keep them clean. Old food, standing in his pan, is apt to get sour, and I'm sure you would not enjoy that sort of food. Never feed a dog from your own plate, or in the dining room.

If you will try to remember these rules and to follow them, you will have a strong, healthy dog to play with, not a sick, cross one.

(Something To Do Department continued on page 236)

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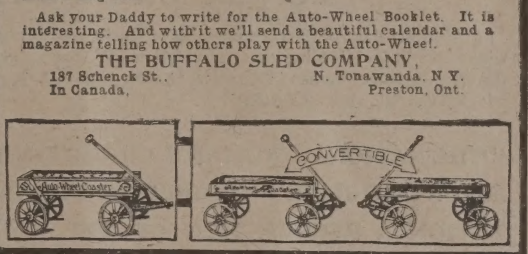

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" THE NATIONAL WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION COMMENDS THE EFFORT TO HAVE EMBODIED IN THE PREAMBLE OF THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION A RECOGNITION OF THE AUTHORITY OF JESUS CHRIST AS THE KING OF NATIONS."

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THE FIRST ARRIVALS

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. XXIII MARCH, 1920 No. 5.

BOBBY'S SUGAR PARTY

BY MRS. JOHN COLBY

"MAISIE! Sap's running!" whispered Bobby.

There were pussy willows in Maisie's empty ink well. That was what had made Bobby think of the sap. He could see it, now, in his mind's eye, tinkling drop by drop from the bright tin spouts into the buckets beneath.

Bobby wished he had a drink of that cool sap now. Anyway, he would like Maisie to know that it was running, for her father hadn't a sugar-bush.

"*Maisie! Sap's running!*" he hissed, still louder, through his fingers.

Maisie was paying close attention to Teacher at the blackboard. Bobby glanced despairingly around. He would have to write a note.

"Maisie,

Sap's running. I'm going to ask my father to let me have a sugar-party. Will you come? Say yes.

Bobby."

He aimed the note so straight that it hit Maisie square on her little freckled nose.

"Ow!" she squealed.

"Maisie Miles, you will come to the platform," commanded Teacher. "But first tell me what made you do that?"

"Something hit me," stammered Maisie, crushing the note close in her plump hand.

"Bring it to me!" said Teacher.

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When Teacher had read the note, she looked at Bobby who was writing hard in his scribbler.

Teacher was young and pretty, and she loved sugar-parties. She hoped Bobby would invite her to his, so she did not punish him more that she could help.

"Bobby, you must stay in at recess," she said.

Staying in at recess was the littlest punishment that could be; still—

"*You've got to stay in! You've got to stay in!*" called out Dan Miller, mockingly, as he passed Bobby's seat.

"You keep still!" growled Bobby, opening his speller.

Dan appeared to be convulsed with laughter. Bobby grew angry. He started in pursuit, whereupon Dan landed him neatly on the floor, just as Maisie ran back for her hat.

"I tell you what, Dan," shouted Bobby, humiliated that Maisie should have seen his downfall, "I'm going to have a sugar-party, and—*I won't ask you to it!*"

Even Dan was awed by the threat.

"Aw, you wouldn't dare leave me out," he retorted, confidently. "I didn't mean anything."

"You'll see!" glowered Bobby, darkly, and every hair on his yellow head seemed to stand straight out in confirmation, as if saying: "Yes, you'll see!"

Nights of frost followed days of mild spring sunshine, and one morning Teacher stood, pink and smiling, by her desk, to make an expected announcement.

"Children," she said, "as you know, Bobby is going to have a sugar-party this afternoon. School will be dismissed at half-past one, and double teams will be waiting to drive us to the bush, for it is two miles away, and the roads are very bad."

Only one scholar in the room did not clap joyously. That was Dan Miller, who had *not been invited*.

Out of school hours, Teacher seemed as young as any of her pupils; she wanted to pick pussy willows so often that Bobby had to tell her the sap would be ready to "sugar off" before they got there.

"Why, where's Dan Miller?" exclaimed Maisie, looking back

TEACHER WANTED TO PICK PUSSY WILLOWS

at the shouting boys in the wagons behind them.

Bobby looked ashamed. "I didn't ask him!" he muttered.

"You *didn't!*" cried Maisie. "Why?"

Bobby's head sank lower, and he mumbled something about "paying him off."

"Oh, Bobby!" said Teacher, reproachfully.

"I'm sorry as anything, *now*," admitted Bobby, "but it's too late. Then everybody's attention was directed to the roads which certainly were bad. Wagon wheels and horses' feet stuck so fast in the mud that they made an oozy sound when pulled out. Melting snow brimmed the ditches, and blackbirds swung by fifties in the maple tops, singing as if their throats would split.

The boys and girls in the big wagons sang, too—all but Bobby. He was thinking. Soon they would see the sugar-bush, like a soft gray bouquet against the sky. Then the little weather-beaten sugar house would come into view, with the bare-limbed maples guarding it on every side, while through

the roof would pour thick white clouds of steam, fragrant with sweetness from the sap boiling down inside. There would be some lingering snow-drifts for them to sugar-off on, and perhaps mayflowers in the sun-kissed hollows.

Oh, dear! A sugar-party in the woods was a heavenly thing to go to—and a hateful thing to miss. Suddenly Bobby remembered how Dan had helped him with his number-work once; and how, another time, he had lent him his jack-knife for a whole day. He wished he had asked him.

At that very moment, Dan was leaning over a wooden bridge beneath which an angry stream was pouring in full spring flood.

"HI! DANGER! STOP THIEVES!" HE SHOUTED

When Dan was not looking at the foaming waters, he was glancing up the road to get the first glimpse of the sugar-party, coming around the bend. The moment he saw the horses, he was going to run and climb a pine tree where he could see the teams go by, without being seen himself.

"Wouldn't have minded so much," he muttered, "if I hadn't been the *only one* left out. And it was the first sugar-party of the season, too." He kicked viciously at the wooden bridge. Then his eye caught something. He gave a low whistle.

On the side of the bridge furthest from him, and nearest Bobby's sugar-place, the rushing water had gouged the bank away, ready to fall, eating into the earth as if it were alive. Already, part of the bank beyond the bridge had fallen in, leaving a sickening hole not visible from the road. A span of horses trotting briskly across, without noticing anything amiss, would flounder in, and there would be a sure-enough accident, Dan decided.

What if he *let* them get in? There was a steep slope to the bridge, and the road was not bad there. Lickety-pelt they'd come and then—where would brave Mr. Bobby and his sugar-party be?

Just when Dan was thinking this, the horses' heads appeared around the bend. It was just as he expected. They were galloping along, glad of a chance to make a spurt, after so much slow going.

Dan leaped into the middle of the road.

"Hi! Danger! Hello! Stop thieves!" he shouted. Nobody heard him. Nobody saw him. Fred Lawrence, who was driving the front team, had turned back, grasping the reins carelessly in one hand, to speak to Teacher in the seat behind. Dan recognized Bobby also, and Maisie. On they rushed down the hill.

Would *nothing* stop them? Dan ran forward frantically. The horses themselves saw the wild little figure racing toward them. They slowed down, and a moment later, Dan had them by the bits.

"Dan!" cried Bobby, joyfully. "Won't you come to the sugar-party?"

The scholars were out of the teams, by this time, and crowded around. "Why did you stop us?" "What's the matter?" they questioned, all shouting at once.

"The road wasn't safe," explained Dan, "and I wanted to warn you. Come and see!"

Teacher had stepped up to Dan. Her face was pale, too, but her eyes looked glad. "Dan," she said and the children stopped whispering to listen, "Dan, I'm proud of you! Aside from sav-

ing some of us from real danger, you have trodden down a danger in yourself—the spirit of revenge and hatred. Children, *three cheers for Dan!*"

The sugar was done just right, after all, when the wagons drew up in front of the shanty. Bobby's father stood inside by the seething syrup, with a bottle of cream in his hand, ready to throw some on, if it threatened to boil over.

"Glad to see you all! Glad to see you all!" he said, cordially. "I can't leave the sugar this minute. It's at a critical stage; but make yourselves at home!"

It took no time for the boys to whittle little wooden paddles for the girls to eat their maple wax with. Bobby's mother was there, too, with pans of nut-brown doughnuts, and plates of pickles, so moist and green and sour. Kegs of hard-packed snow were brought in, dippers of golden syrup were poured round and round the surface of the snow, in a trail of beaten gold. They waited a minute for it to stiffen; then what fun there was eating the crisp, sweet maple wax, winding it round the paddles, and pulling it from paddle to paddle.

There was a great yellow sea in the western sky, where the sun had gone down behind the mountains, when Teacher collected the children, and told them it was time to go home.

"It's been the loveliest party!" sighed the girls.

"Thank you, Bobby!" Thank you *ever so much,* Bobby!" cried the boys. Bobby did not hear. He was whispering to Dan.

"You're—you're a *brick,* Dan," he said, "and I'm—*not!* But if it's any good to say so, I invite you *ahead,* to all the sugar-parties *I ever have in all my life!*"

"Hooray!" cried Dan, tossing up his hat. "I'll come, Bobby. *Sure!*"

CHAPTER VII.—JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

"I LIKE sensible people, though the sillies like Henny-penny *are* funny, Godmother. It's the Jack and the Beanstalk story next."

"And do you think he was sensible person, or a silly?" asked the godmother, with her head on one side, gravely looking at Betty with sharp, bright eyes.

"I don't know," declared Betty. "It seems almost as if you were asking me an examination question—something oral, Fairy Godmother," she smiled. "Was Jack silly to sell the cow for beans?"

"That is the question, Betty," the fairy replied. "You must think about it. I dare say that had *you* done it, you would have done something foolish, for you do not live in Fairyland, dear, and here cows are worth money and there are no such things as fairy beans except in Fairyland."

And then she began to tell Betty about these further adventures of Jack and his beanstalk.

There was once upon a time when Jack's beanstalk was cut down just in the nick of time. This was when the giant fell headlong into the garden and was killed and when Jack came back to his mother. The fairy charged him to be dutiful to his mother and follow his father's good example. And so Jack did for a long time.

But one day, he began to long for further adventures. He wished he might find another hatful of magic beans and plant them in the garden.

But there seemed no way to find them, for though he asked many people, there was none who could tell him a thing about them. When he spoke to his mother about it, she begged him not to think of going in search of further adventures and she reminded him of the fact that they were now prosperous and happy.

AS HE RESTED THERE CAME BY A LITTLE DWARF

Still, Jack was restless. He forgot his promise to the fairy and he longed to go to the Land of the Beanstalk. At last, he hit upon a plan. "I will dress up as a poor farmer," he thought, "and I will find the man who will give a hatful of beans in exchange for a fine cow." So, thinking this, he prepared. One day, when his mother had gone away on a visit, he went to the barns and found a fine cow. He tied her horns with a rope and set out upon the road that led to the fair-grounds.

Over hill and over dale, went Jack with the cow. He asked everybody he met, "Do you want to buy a fine cow for a hatful of beans?" Everyone thought him foolish but, at last, he met a keen man who said he did. He laughed. That is a good exchange," he said. "Will these beans of mine do?"

Jack looked at the beans. They did not seem like the magic beans, but he gave the cow in exchange and he took them home to plant in the garden.

He placed them carefully in the place where the first beans had sprung up to make a beanstalk and he was so anxious to

see what might happen that he sat up all night watching for the beanstalk to grow. But, though he watched and watched, nothing came. And in the morning when he examined the ground, there was not even a sign of a green sprout to herald the growth of a beanstalk!

Jack was much disappointed. But he thought, "I will try again." So he dressed himself as before and he found a fine black cow in his barns and he set forth again, going toward the fair-grounds. He asked everybody whom he met if they could tell him where to find the magic beans for he was now on his guard against getting the worst of a bargain as he had on the previous day.

He met the man who had sold him the beans and taken his red cow. "You did not tell me you wanted magic beans," said he. "I have all manner of beans. Try these." And he offered Jack a hatful of very splendid beans that looked as if they were very fine, indeed.

SO THE TWO CLIMBED UP IT, TOGETHER

Jack looked at them, but he would not give the black cow in exchange. He was sure they could not be right because the man was so cunning. He decided to go further and try again.

At last, he met an old woman who said she had the very thing. And when Jack looked, he thought her beans were very like those that had been magic. So he gave her the black cow and went home to plant these in the place where the beanstalk had grown once upon a time in the garden.

He was so anxious to see what might happen that he sat up all night waiting. Though he watched, nothing happened.

And in the morning there was no trace of anything in the way of a green sprout! So Jack found he had been fooled again and he decided that the man who had taken his red cow must have sent the old woman to take the black cow, too. He decided to be more on his guard next time.

So he dressed himself as before and went to his barns and this time he took a fine white cow. He put a rope about her horns and he led her off toward the fair-grounds. He met the man who had taken his red cow, and he met the woman

AT THESE WORDS THE STRANGEST OF THINGS HAPPENED

who had taken his black cow, but he passed them both by and jogged on toward the fair-grounds. "I will have none of them," he said to himself. "I will not give my cow in exchange for any but the right beans this time." And so he went on over hill and over dale with the white cow tied to her rope.

At last, toward evening, he came to a little wood near a town and he sat down to eat an apple he had found. As he rested, there came by a little dwarf who asked him for his apple.

Jack said, "I will give you the apple for a hatful of magic beans." So the dwarf said he knew of the beans and could get them if Jack would promise to take him up the beanstalk

with him and share all he might find in Beanstalk Land.

Jack agreed and the dwarf gave him the beans without taking the cow.

When the bargain was made and when Jack really had the magic beans in his hands, he repented of his bargain to the dwarf. "Who knows what I shall find in the Land of the Beanstalk," thought he. "And now I have agreed to share all I have with the dwarf and to take him with me!" Nevertheless, a bargain that is honestly made is an honest bargain to the end and Jack decided that he must fulfil his promise to the little dwarf.

"Let us plant the beans at once," he said. "The sooner the better."

But the dwarf said, "No. There is but one way to the Land of the Beanstalk. You must plant the beans in your own garden."

So they went home and, at last, Jack put the beans in the garden-bed and the dwarf helped him. Hardly had they been planted when there sprang up a splendid beanstalk that was larger and more wonderful than the first! So the two climbed up it together.

When they reached the top, they found the castle and all that had belonged to the giant. His wife was no longer there and all was deserted, so that Jack was free to help himself to all the treasures that the giant had left in his castle.

But when they came to divide the treasure, it came out uneven. It was a question who should have the most.

"We will toss for it," said the dwarf. "Here is a penny." But Jack remembered that the dwarf had helped him in his need and he said, "No, you must take the larger share."

He forced it upon the dwarf. "This is not a reward, but a gift gratefully shared," he said.

At these words the strangest of things happened! Suddenly, the dwarf became a beautiful princess who had been enchanted until such time as someone might offer her more than half of his fortune willingly and take her to the Land of the Beanstalk.

They built them a finer house than any they had had before,

and the Princess, and Jack, and his mother lived happily in it all their days. As for the beanstalk, it is still there, and if you hunt for it at the right place you will doubtless find it growing in Jack's garden.

"I'm glad Jack went back to the Magic Land where he had so many adventures," smiled Betty. "Thank you for telling me about it." And she turned the leaf of the Fairy Book to the story of The Babes in the Wood, which came next.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL

THE mountain and the squirrel had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter "little prig."

Bun replied,
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things, and weather,
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year
And a sphere,

And I think it no disgrace
To ocupy my place;
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.

I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel-track.
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put.
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

R. W. Emerson

Mr. Bluebird's Secret

By Rachel M. Hutchinson

(*A True Story*)

DOWN South one morning at dawn, about the first of February, Mr. Earl E. Bluebird nudged his wife and said:

"Wake up, Tweety."

She only gave a very sleepy answer and tucked her head farther under her wing, but brought it out in a wide-awake hurry when he repeated:

"Wake up, Tweety," and then added, "I have an idea this will be our busy day."

It sounded so exciting, so like a picnic or some other nice thing which means a good time, that she nearly lost her balance and fell off the twig on which she had perched herself after her first joyous hop.

"What are we going to do, Early? I just know by your voice you've planned something fine. *Please* tell me."

He laughed, but answered right away so she would not feel hurt because he hadn't told her his plans before:

"Well! It's the first of February and I think we had better start North. What do you think?"

"It is earlier than we went last year."

"I know it is. That is why I think we had better start. You remember all the good houses were taken before we arrived and we had to live in that old, leaky fence post."

"I should say I do remember! My dress and bed were damp all the time until the babies could fly! I had *such* a life trying to keep them dry and warm during the spring rains."

"Just so! I decided right then we'd have a better home this

year. 'Twas so late last year we could not go on, but—"

Tweety was so excited she didn't really interrupt him but just said it in one gasp while he took a breath:

"*Please,* Early, couldn't you hurry the telling?"

THE WOMAN LOOKED AROUND

"But *this* year we'll go early enough to find a suitable home," he finished.

He waited until she opened her bill to say something, then he leaned towards her and said:

"Boo, Tweety! Shall we start this morning?"

Of course she wanted to go, but she couldn't even start breakfast until she had asked some questions:

"Are we going to the same neighborhood?"

"No. There aren't any nice houses there."

"Have you heard of any better place?"

"No." And as he laughed when he said that "No," she almost thought he had heard about a house; but still, he always told her the truth, so she believed him. It just *made* her ask:

"Why did you laugh, Early? Tell me the joke so I can laugh, too."

"It's a secret, Tweety, which I'll tell you right now, if you say for me to do so; but I thought we could have more fun if I let you keep guessing about it."

Tweety's feelings were just a weeny bit hurt, because she thought he had a secret with somebody else, so she didn't laugh when she said:

"Who told you?"

She looked so sober he was going to tell the whole secret, but didn't, because when she said: "Who told you?" he knew the trouble right away. Why, he wouldn't like Tweety to have secrets with somebody else! That wouldn't be any fun, so he hurried to say:

"Nobody told me."

He waited for her to say: "How did you find out if nobody told you?" so he could whisper:

"The fairies showed it to me."

But instead she exclaimed:

"Oh, Early! It sounds like the best secret we ever had," and Early answered:

"You just wait! When you know all about it, you'll think so more than ever."

* * * * * *

At last, when they had arrived up North and were flying along, Mr. Bluebird began to feel very nervous and almost sorry he had told Mrs. Bluebird there was a secret. What if someone else had found it? What if it were gone? He was so bothered he just simply forgot to notice where they were until Tweety said:

"Well! I am glad our old fence-post house has been torn down. Now it can't deceive anybody else into thinking it a good home. There's a whole new fence there."

IT'S LUCKY THIS VINE IS SO NEAR

Sure enough! They were passing their old home. They would be near the secret in a little while.

He hardly dared to look when the time came, but there it was, looking exactly as he remembered it. He waited for Tweety to discover it, but she was looking in the wrong direction, so he had to say:

"We are getting close to the secret, Wifie."

She wasn't feeling tired from their long trip, you could tell by her eager: "Where, Early?" She was so excited she couldn't seem to see. He had to take her right over to it. Even then she couldn't see it all, it had so many parts; but one part

of it was a house which someone had put up for them, or for some other bluebirds.

After they had admired the outside of it, they went inside. She liked it even better inside than she thought she was going to, but some English sparrows had been there during the winter, and she would have to clean it. The paper would have to be taken from the walls.

The next day, along towards noon, they discovered a woman bending over some rosebushes not far away. They watched her a while, then Early said:

"Yes. She's the same one I saw when I found the secret. I'm not afraid of her. Why, she made the secret. I heard her say so then."

The woman heard him talking and looked around, but not up where they were. She seemed to think she only imagined she heard them, and so, after a bit, went on looking at the rosebushes. Then Tweety said:

"Well, if you're not afraid, I guess I'm not, either."

They went on with their work, and their talking, too. In fact, they forgot the woman until they heard her say:

"Well, of all things! No wonder I couldn't see you on the ground. You're up there and I didn't expect you this early."

Then she talked in the bluebird tongue. In fact, she quite won Early's heart. He flew down to the fence near her and answered her as a gentleman should. Tweety went back to her work and after a while Early did, too.

Next morning, they were taking the paper from the walls, when they heard the woman talking to a man. She said:

"Just look at the darling clean things! They carry the paper out of the garden, over to the electric light wire before they drop it. I believe I'll get up there and take the paper out. It is such a long, hard job for them."

The man answered:

"Oh no, you'll not. Do you want to spoil all their fun? You wouldn't want to move into a house without cleaning it."

* * * * * *

"I like your Secret, Early. This is the best home we've ever

owned, and those people know what we like. Isn't this big pan of water fine?"

Early answered:

"I was sure you would like this part of the secret as well as the house." And after a while he added: "I haven't seen any cats around, either. Have you?"

"No," said Tweety, "I haven't."

While they were saying this Tweety was taking a drink and Early was having a bath in the large pan of water about which they were speaking. Just then they received a terrible fright. They noticed a large chicken hawk in the air above them and they hurried to hide in a grape trellis near by. Mr. Bluebird found a crooked post and snuggled under one of its knobs, which made a fine roof over him. Mrs. Bluebird flew to a thick-looking place in the vines, but finding it a poorer covering than she liked, and fearing to move again because of showing the hawk where she had hidden, she stretched herself flat along the top of the board on which she found herself, and looked exactly like a part of that board.

They were quiet a long time, until the hawk was quite out of sight, then Early said:

"That hawk surely startled me."

With a grateful twitter his wife answered:

"It was lucky this grapevine was so near with all its fine hiding places. Your secret gets better all the time, Early, just as you said it would."

THE WIND

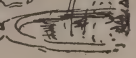
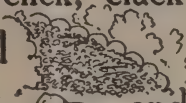
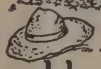
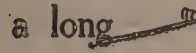
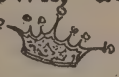
THE wind went roaring through the town,
And blew a lot of houses down,
And then it turned right round, and so,
It blew them up again you know.

Donald A. Fraser

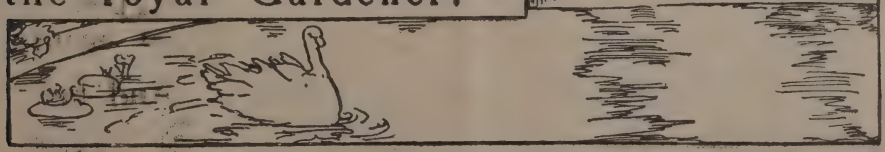
Somebody and the Princess.

V

THE was playing out in the royal garden. It was a beautiful garden and there were many wonderful things to see. She looked at the blooming everywhere and she looked at the proud with his beautiful feathers, sitting on the marble and she looked at the flashing in the and the big white swimming round and round and the little gold darting to and fro in the water. And then she bent down and saw her own looking up and smiling at her as if the water was a . "How I should like to see me in the water in my little gold !" cried the , clapping her . "Wouldn't you like to see me, ? Wouldn't you like to see me ?" So away she ran to the and up the to the closet where all her royal things were kept and she opened a big and took out her little gold and ran down again to the garden and put it on her . And first she showed it to the and the said

"Squawk!" and then she showed it to the and the said "Squack!" and then she bent over the water to show it to the little gold and alack-a-day, it tumbled plump off her and went down, down to the very bottom of the  and lay there shining! O dear, O dear! "How can I be a without my little gold ?" cried the But click, clack, Somebody was coming down the gravel  , Somebody with shirt sleeves and a straw  and a kind face and a long  over his shoulder. And he dipped the down, down into the water and caught the little gold  and brought it up all dripping and wiped it off and put it on the Princess's

"O you kind Somebody!" cried the , making him a royal curtsy. "I do thank you so much!" "Don't mention it, Your Royal Highness," said Somebody, making her a deep bow. And who was it, do you suppose, but Pat, the royal Gardener!



BY GERTRUDE CHANDLER WARNER

CHAPTER III—SELF-RELIANCE

"YES, me boys," Father O'Moore was saying, "I was by meself reading, one night—"

Then he stopped, for he saw Betsey and Violet in the next yard feeding the winter birds.

"Why, didn't you want the Merry Americans to hear this, too?" he inquired.

"We didn't know it was a girls' story," replied Peter, rapping his special signal, rap, rap, rat-tat, on the window pane.

Betsey and Violet came hurrying in, and laid their corduroy coats and gloves on the hall chair.

"As I was saying, me girls," began Father O'Moore once more, "I was by meself reading one night—"

"Excuse me, Father," said Patrick, "but hadn't we better tell them that this story is about the third rule of a Good American?"

"Very good, me son," said Father O'Moore approvingly. "But I will *not* say agin that I was reading by meself one night!"

"Skip it," advised Betsey.

"That I will, me dear," agreed Father O'Moore. "I'll begin where the water began a-dripping onto the tip-top of me head."

"What!" cried all four of the Merry Americans at once.

"Yes, water on me head; first only a drop, and when I looked up, a whole stream of it right in the eye!"

"What was it, Father?" asked Peter.

"Slow and steady, Peter," said his father. "It was nothing in the world but the bath-tub leaking. So I went upstairs and found the tub full and running over, and the faucet still going at the top of its speed."

Mr. O'Moore crossed his knees.

"Now you tell what I did," he said.

"Turned off the faucet," cried Violet, sure of her answer.

THEY WERE FEEDING THE WINTER BIRDS

"Right, me dear," he said, flashing a smile at Violet. "And when I did so, the faucet broke in me hand!"

"What *did* you do?" demanded Betsey.

"Tell me yourself," said Father O'Moore. "Think with your own head, because it might happen to yourself, you know."

"You pulled out the plug!" cried Betsey.

"Hurray, Mistress Betsey!" said Mr. O'Moore shaking her by both hands. "It's yourself will be a good American that

relies on your own self, without asking foolish questions!"

"Then you sent for a plumber, didn't you?" asked Patrick.

"Yes, then I sent for a plumber, because I meself am a grocery man. I can tell you when a musk-melon is ripe, and when the flour is full of red ants. But when a pipe leaks, it's ready I am to listen to the advice of a plumber."

"That story tells all about the first part of the law, you see," said Mrs. O'Moore, who was listening. *"I will gladly listen to the advice of older and wiser people, but will learn to think for myself, choose for myself, act for myself."*

"We've learned it," said Violet, smiling.

"It's really a game, called 'Supposing,'" began Mr. O'Moore again. "I used to play it with me own father. Think up any puzzlin' case you can, and tell what you'd do. It's mighty good for exercising the brain."

Patrick was thinking hard. "Supposing your mother sent you to the store, and you found the door locked?"

"The store is never locked, me boy," said Father O'Moore.

"Not *our* store. But the drug-store was yesterday," said Patrick, letting them all know that this was a true story.

"Go to another drug-store," said Violet directly.

"That's what he did!" agreed Patrick. "And it was way up to Smith's, too. And suppose you knew he was with a lot of fellows that laughed at him for bothering to go?"

"I'm so glad you went, Peter dear," said Mother O'Moore. "That covers the last part of the rule, *'I will not be afraid of being laughed at,'* and—"

But they all finished it—*"I will not be afraid of doing right when the crowd does wrong."*

"Mother made our charts different for this law," said Betsey. "They will last maybe more than a week. She said this rule was so hard we could paste a gold star on, every time we relied on ourselves. She gave us a whole box of stars."

"I guess I will soon take a vacation," said Father O'Moore, getting up and putting on his heavy coat. "I could leave the store with you four children. You are so self-reliant, that you can tell where I keep the crackers and pickles already!"

I Decided For Myself

Name ----------

WE PASTE A STAR ON, EVERY TIME WE RELY ON OURSELVES

"We'd *love* to," cried Betsey. "Will you really and truly?"

"I'll see," said Father O'Moore. "You see, your next law is about bein' *reliable*. You'd better all work up to it. And then, maybe, I was joking."

"He wasn't, though," confided Peter. "He wouldn't have said anything about it if he didn't mean it."

"Wouldn't it be lovely?" said Violet, her eyes dancing. "We could be clerks, and answer the telephone, and when Betsey went to dinner, I could stay—"

"I'm going to ask my father to play that game," said Betsey. "He would think up some fine puzzles."

So, that evening, Father placed the wastebasket in the middle of the floor, and everyone wrote a problem on a slip of paper, and tossed it in. Mother, Father, Betsey and Violet played, and then answered each other's questions.

These were some of the problems. Can you tell which one Father wrote? And can you answer them all?

1. Supposing you found your dress was on fire?
2. Supposing you were in a strange city, and didn't know what train to take?
3. Supposing you can't find your rubbers before school?
4. Supposing I should ask two little girls to look in my right hand coat pocket?

Betsey and Violet answered every one. They answered some real questions too, in the next month. When four weeks were done, Betsey had fourteen gold stars on her chart, and Violet sixteen, but Violet was two years older than Betsey, you know.

And now Betsey and Violet want to ask you a question. It is this: How many have you yourself?

THE LITTLE KITE

BY ALICE E. ALLEN

A LITTLE kite was dancing about upon the ground,
The very merriest little kite that ever could be found.

It had a face that seemed to be just one big, jolly smile,
It had a tail that frisked about and tried to reach a mile.

The great March Wind was blowing so cold it made you sneeze;
The little kite bobbed up and said, "Oh take me with you, please!"

The March Wind whistled in surprise, but when he went away,
He took along that little kite so fearless and so gay.

On, on it went, and out of sight upon its upward track,
And do you know, dear children, it never more came back?

Today, I saw a wind-blown cloud so fleecy and so white—
Do you suppose it could have been that funny little kite?

LITTLE ALLIES

BY CONSTANCE V. FRAZIER

CHAPTER X

HURRAH! HURRAH!

"WELL!" said Gene; and his voice seemed so far away and weak that he wondered what had happened to it. He watched Dorothy's lips open and close without a sound. Evidently the same queer thing had happened to both their voices. That would never do, with the story of their adventure and all this strange, good news of theirs untold.

Just at that moment who should come out of the barn but Madame Renaud, fat Marie grumbling along behind her. Then it was that Gene found his lost voice.

"Oh, hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" he cried, jumping up and down as if he were suddenly bereft of his senses.

"Oh, hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" Dorothy joined in, finding her voice, too. "Come quick, Madame, Marie!

Madame and Marie both stopped short to look at the dancing children.

"Look! look!" they cried, pointing eager fingers at Raoul and his father.

And then they wondered if Madame was going to be ill, for she swayed and stumbled forward, and if Marie had not caught her, she would have fallen.

"It is I, Marcelle, your own Pierre, come back safely," said Raoul's father, hastening to her.

"It is Father, dear Mother!" cried Raoul, big tears running down his cheeks, not because he was sad, but because he was so very glad.

"And we found him! We found him!" cried Gene, dancing about more madly than ever.

"We found him," echoed Dorothy.

And then such a hubbub of welcome you never did hear, with everybody talking at once and much faster than you would have supposed anybody could possibly speak. There were questions to ask, and to answer and the story of the long separation to be told, and the glad reunion to be done over and over again. It did seem as if nobody in the whole world could be any happier or more excited than these people were.

"It makes me think of Christmas at Aunt Olivia's," whispered Dorothy to Gene, "with everybody come to spend the day from all the far-away places. It seems as if we ought to be going to have a party, doesn't it, Gene?"

"I wish we could," answered Gene, "but I guess we'll have to wait till we get home for that."

"Hungry!" said a very small voice at Gene's elbow. "Hungry!"

Gene jumped. Then he looked down. There stood little Yvette, shaking her yellow curls, and holding out her tiny hands.

Dorothy picked her up. "I wonder if folks forgot to feed her because they were all excited?" she said. "I'll ask Madame."

But when Yvette caught sight of the French aviator's uniform, she gave a gurgle of delight and fairly sprang out of Dorothy's arms into those of Raoul's father. And there she clung, hugging and patting and talking in her baby way to the big brown soldier.

"Who is she?" asked Raoul's father, just as the others had asked. So once more Raoul told the story. But his father did not seem surprised, as the others had been, nor ask him where he had been that he should have her.

"We must keep her," he said thoughtfully, "when we can

make a place for her. Poor little one! She has been through much she does not understand. Now we must make her as happy as we can."

"Oh, and may we begin right away?" asked Dorothy, who had hardly been able to stay politely quiet all this while. "Don't you think she would like a—a party, a birthday party, you know?"

YVETTE SPRANG INTO HIS ARMS

Raoul's father gave a hearty laugh. "But, little one, how can you arrange a fete for the little Yvette when we are here, as we are! When is it that she will have the birthday? Ah! She does not know. She cannot tell you even what the birthday means."

"Then it's time somebody told her," declared Dorothy. "If I can find the things for a party, just a teeny-weeny one," she persisted, "may we give it to her?"

Again Raoul's father laughed, and he drew from his pocket some small coins. "If it is that a franc or two and a few sous will buy so much pleasure, make this little party by all means," he said.

"Oh, goody, goody!" cried Dorothy, giving the good brown hand a quick kiss. "Come help me, Gene. I know Raoul wants to stay with his father and I must have someone to help me. We've got to invite some guests, and get some things to eat, and think of some things to play, and—oh, Gene, it will be most as good as our parties at home at Aunt Olivia's!"

And she hurried Gene off, chattering harder than ever.

That is how it came to pass that early afternoon brought guests by the dozen to the little grove across the road from the big barn. There seemed to be a steady stream of them—

big guests and little guests, old guests and young; all the refugee children in whatever clothes they were lucky enough to have, and children from the village in their party best. Mothers came to peep, and to praise and to help, while Madame Renaud fairly beamed with happiness and fat Marie bustled around, plumper than ever, it would seem, with importance, and quite forgot to grumble! Even the littlest of the babies forgot to cry!

From somewhere Dorothy and Gene had unearthed a wobbly old chair, and by tying bunches of flowers to it, and making a flower crown for her, they had made a queen on her throne of little Yvette. But Yvette soon found some little folks to her liking and she forgot to be strange or shy, so the throne was empty most of the afternoon.

And *what* a good time everybody had! There was the whole wide field around the grove in which to play *Cache-cache* and *Quartre Coins* and *Colin Maillard,* the old, familiar games that are played at your own parties, except that you call them Hide and Seek, Pussy Wants a Corner, and Blind Man's Buff.

And then, when everybody was getting tired, the guests had for their *gouter,* or refreshments, some crescent rolls, that the village baker had sent by his little boy, and some small bars of chocolate that Dorothy had bought with a part of the money Raoul's father had given her. There was no birthday cake, such as she and Gene had at home, though she would have liked one very much. Instead there were some small sweet cakes called *petits fours* which the children liked quite as well—since they did not know about the birthday cake without which an American child's birthday is incomplete.

Gene couldn't help wishing that there was ice-cream, but French ice-cream is not like American, and besides, there was none to be had. For all that, it was just the best kind of party.

When it was nearly over, because everyone was too tired to play any more, somebody began to sing the American song that you all know—*Over There.* Dorothy and Gene already knew it in French, and they sang with a will:

"Johnnie, sac au dos, sac au dos

THEY MADE A QUEEN OF LITTLE YVETTE

Pars au grand galop, au galop, au galop,"

and so on to the end. And then everybody wanted to sing some of the old French songs. While they were in the middle of *Au Claire de la Lune,* somebody cried out that soldiers were coming, and the singing stopped short. Sure enough, around the bend in the road marched half a dozen *American* soldiers.

Straight into the midst of the party they came, almost before they realized that it was a party, and one of their number came forward to speak.

Certainly Dorothy and Gene had every reason to believe that wonders were never going to cease, for there before them stood their own beloved father, whom they had not seen for more than a year.

"Dad! Dad!" cried Gene, flinging his arms as far around his father's waist as they would go, because Dorothy was already clinging to his neck, and crying for joy.

"Where did you come from and where are you going and are you going to stay?" cried Dorothy.

Of course Madame and her husband and Raoul hurried up, while the little guests hovered in the background and, when they

could take their eyes off the strange sight, ate up what was left of the little cakes and the chocolate.

"I am on my way back from the front," explained Gene's father to Raoul's, "and I shall be here a few days for orders. After that, I am to be sent home, and I am more than glad, I can tell you, to get my wife and children back to America. I wish I had sent them before, but it was not really possible."

"Father, Father!" cried Dorothy. "Are we really and truly going back home to Aunt Olivia's in America? Truly?"

"Just as truly as a ship will take you," smiled the doctor. "Now tell me all about Mother, and what you are doing here, and everything else. I can't hear it fast enough."

So altogether they began to tell him all that had happened since Raoul and Dorothy and Gene had met in the underground school. But when Gene paused to let Raoul tell about how he had run away, Raoul just looked at his father and smiled, without saying a word.

Gene would have been really cross, had not something else happened to take up his attention and make him forget that Raoul was going to have another queer spell. A messenger, a tall, straight poilu, saluted before them, and requested the presence of Monsieur Raoul Renaud before the Mayor the next morning, on a matter of great importance.

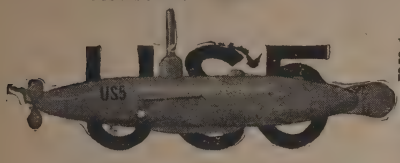
(To be continued)

A PLEASANT CHANGE

I'VE often thought how nice it would be,
If, sometimes, when we're having tea,
Mama would say, "Now, children dear,
That bread will make you ill, I fear;
But, for your health's sake, you must take
Three helpings of ice cream and cake!"

Edna B. Willey

LIVE WIRE BOYS!



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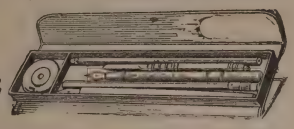

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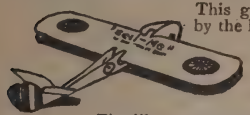

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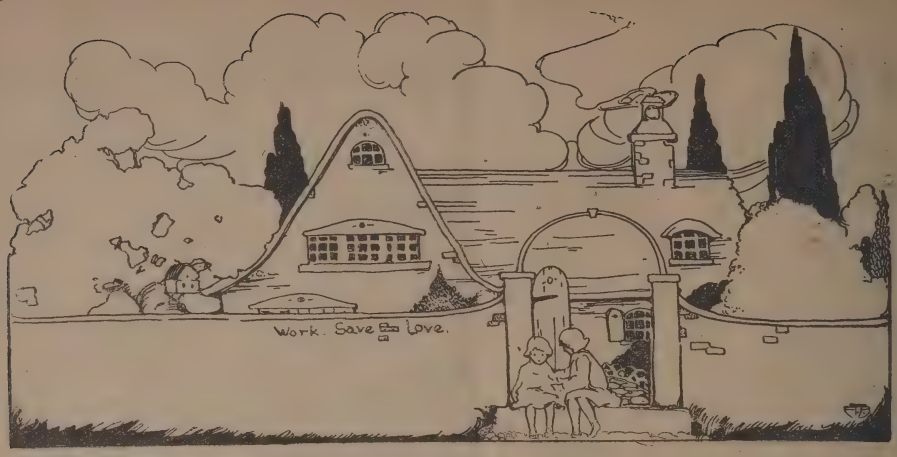


LITTLE FOLKS' HOME GUARD

SOMETHING TO JOIN

OH, little Home Guard children dear!—the happy spring again is near; the warm, sweet winds are blowing round; the snow is melting from the ground, and tiny green things, here and there, are peeping up for light and air.

How nice to think Our Father's care is always round us everywhere, and that He knows just when to bring us back the green and pleasant spring; and nice to think He always sends with every spring, our spring-time friends, like birds and butterflies and bees, and growing grass and greening trees.

And when we try to write of spring, it seems a happy, easy thing; for spring-time rhymes with birds that sing, with flowers that bloom and bells that ring, with leafy trees and vines that cling, with grassy yards where children swing, and many another joyous thing that happy spring will surely bring.

Spring-time is garden-time—time to think of roots and seeds and other things; time to think of dirt and work. Of course, Mother tells you to wash your hands when you get them dirty because that is right; dirt belongs in the yards and the fields and the gardens and *certainly—not* on your hands and faces and clothes, nor in Mother's nice clean house.

But out-of-doors-dirt is one of the best gifts that Mother Nature gives us, because everything we have in this world grows up in some way out of Mother Nature's nice out-of-doors-dirt. The wheat and corn that make our bread and our nice crispy breakfast foods grow right up out of the ground. The cotton that makes our pretty gingham dresses and our soft little blouses grows up out of the dirt, too. The cow that gives us milk has to live on grass and grain that grow out of the ground; and the sheep that give us wool for our warm coats has to live on grass, too. The trees that make our fire-wood and our houses, the coal we burn, the oil and gas that make things move and give us light—all these come out of the ground. So we ought to love Mother Nature's good dirt and when spring comes round we ought to begin digging in the dirt and getting ready to plant things—good things to eat and pretty flowers to bloom.

That is one way we can help to feed and clothe the world. Out-of-doors dirt is such a nice place to work that I hope every single one of you will have a place to work out of doors, but if you don't, never mind it; you'll find other happy work that you can do, and every sort of useful work will help the world along and help your own home, too.

You know there are so many kinds of people in the world that it is often hard for you dear Home Guard Children to know just what is best and right to do about things. There are many grown-up people who work hard and yet never do have enough of anything, and maybe that is because they didn't learn how to *work and save!* Then, there are other grown-up people who work and save and have lots of everything—even more than they can use—and still some of them are neither very good nor very happy and I know you wonder why. I think it is because while they were working and saving they forgot something else and that was to *love and be kind.*

There are so many things for a child to learn and to remember that I just simply look at all of you and wonder how in the world you do it and then I always want to help you along and help you to remember the right things, so at the last of my spring-time letter I'm going to give you another little pledge about work and other things.

Now I want to tell you how lovely I think it is that Mr. Cassino has given us back The Children's Magazine and I do hope as many of you as possibly can are going to have Little Folks Magazine and The Children's Magazine, too. You know there are really not very many magazines for children in America and we have to take good care of the few we have because we want to keep them.

And then I want to say that this is the month to send in our money for our own

(Something To-Do Department continued on page 236)

SPECIAL PRICES FOR MAGAZINES

We wish to call subscribers' attention to the fact that McCall's Magazine, Modern Priscilla, Pictorial Review, People's Home Journal, and many others will shortly advance their prices and we cannot guarantee the prices below after April 15th. Renew now.

		Our Price for all three
LITTLE FOLKS and YOUTH'S COMPANION with	Christian Herald	$5.75
	McCall's or Today's Housewife or People's Home Journal	3.95
	Review of Reviews	6.00
	Woman's Home Companion or Delineator and Am. Boy or Everybody's	5.50
	Boy's Life	4.75
	Mother's	4.50
	Etude	5.00
	McClure's	5.75
	New Children's Magazine	4.25
	Boy's Magazine	4.25
	Metropolitan	5.50
	Pictorial Review	4.75
	Modern Priscilla	4.50
	Mother's Magazine	4.50
	Current Opinion	5.75
LITTLE FOLKS and *WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION with	Youth's Companion	$5.50
	McClure's	5.25
	Boy's Magazine	4.25
	Etude	4.50
	Pictorial Review	4.75
	Christian Herald	5.50
	McCall's or Today's Housewife or People's Home Journal	4.00
	Boy's Life	4.60
	American Boy or Everybody's or Delineator	5.00
	New Children's Magazine	4.00
	Mother's Magazine	4.00
	American Magazine (all to one address)	4.00

Either Pictorial Review, Everybody's or American Magazine or Delineator may be substituted for the Woman's Home Companion in these clubs without changing the price.

LITTLE FOLKS and MODERN PRISCILLA with	Review of Reviews	$4.85
	Boy's Magazine	3.60
	Etude	3.75
	Pictorial Review	4.00
	Christian Herald	4.75
	McCall's or Today's Housewife or People's Home Journal	3.20
	Youth's Companion	4.75
	Delineator or Woman's Home Companion	4.60
	Boy's Life	3.85
	American Boy or Everybody's or American Magazine	4.60
	Mother's Magazine	3.25
	New Children's Magazine	3.05
LITTLE FOLKS and THE NEW CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE with	Boy's Life	$3.25
	Review of Reviews	4.75
	Pictorial Review	3.50
	Boy's Magazine	3.25
	Youth's Companion	4.25
	McCall's or People's Home Journal or Today's Housewife	2.75
	Delineator or Everybody's	3.75
	Mother's	2.75
	Am. Magazine or Woman's Home Companion	4.00
	Etude	3.50
	Christian Herald	4.00
	McClure's	3.25

With LITTLE FOLKS		With Little Folks & Children's
	American Boy	$3.25 $3.75
	American Magazine	3.25 3.75
	Boy's Magazine	2.75 3.25
	Hearst's	3.25 3.75
	Boy's Life	2.60 3.25
	Children's Magazine	2.00
	Christian Herald	3.50 4.00
	Cosmopolitan	3.25 4.00
	Country Gentleman	2.25 3.00
	Current Opinion	3.50 4.00
	Delineator	3.25 3.75
	Designer	2.75 3.25
	Etude	3.00 3.50
	Everybody's Magazine	3.25 3.75
	Good Housekeeping	3.25 4.00
	Ladies' Home Journal	3.00 3.75
	Literary Digest	5.25 6.00
	McCall's Magazine	2.00 2.75
	McClure's	3.50 4.00
	Metropolitan Magazine	3.50 4.00
	Modern Priscilla	2.45 3.05
	Mother's Magazine	2.25 2.75
	Outlook	5.00 5.50
	The Pathfinder	2.35 3.00
	People's Home Journal	2.00 2.75
	Pictorial Review	3.00 3.50
	Review of Reviews	4.25 4.75
	St. Nicholas	4.25 4.75
	Saturday Evening Post	3.25 4.00
	To-day's Housewife	2.00 2.75
	Woman's Home Companion	3.50 4.00
	Woman's World	1.75 2.50
	World's Work	4.25 4.75
	Youth's Companion	3.50 4.25

To find the price of any of the magazines above without LITTLE FOLKS subtract $1.25 from the price in the first column; for example, to find the price of Review of Reviews: in the first column the price of Review of Reviews with LITTLE FOLKS is $4.25, without LITTLE FOLKS (subtract $1.25 for LITTLE FOLKS) the price is $3.00. To be entitled to this price however, you must order at least two magazines.

TO MAKE UP A LIST OF MAGAZINES

of your own selection merely repeat this; for example, Youth's Companion listed with LITTLE FOLKS, $3.50, Pictorial Review listed with LITTLE FOLKS, $3.00, and Boy's Life listed with LITTLE FOLKS, $2.75, Subtract $1.25 from each and add together. This equals $5.50, the price of these three magazines. If you want LITTLE FOLKS in the club add $1.25. To include both LITTLE FOLKS and CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE add $2.00.

LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE, - - - - - SALEM, MASS.

LITTLE FOLKS' HOME GUARD

(*Continued from page 234*)

little French War Orphan, Jean Henry. After we've taken care of him for one year we wouldn't like to just stop sending anything more—that would hurt his feelings and I know none of us want to do that. You can just send your money to Auntie Frances in care Little Folks' Magazine, Salem, Mass., and I will be sure to get it and then I'll send it, right away, to dear little Jean Henry to help him to grow up a good man for France. Please don't forget, or wait too long because we'd just hate to have Jean Henry think that we didn't love him any more.

Here is your pledge about work.

I will learn to work.
I will learn to save.
I will learn to love and be kind.

Name .....

Street .....

Town .....

State .....

When I get your nice letters and see where you have all signed your brave little pledges it makes my heart just sing with joy, because I know you'll be good and happy if you keep them.

If you would like a Home Guard Pin send 5 cents to me with your pledge. We have a whole lot of fine new pins all ready for you.

Your loving-est,
Auntie Frances.

HAVE you thought of doing any of these things with Little Folks?

The children in the Frontispiece are feeding the first birds that came back from the south. Feed the first birds that arrive where you live. Perhaps they won't be as tame as these in the picture, but they will be glad of the crumbs you save for them.

If you are lucky enough to live near a sugar-bush, or to own one, perhaps you can have a sugar-party of your own. But if you don't, you can color the pictures in that story and have a "pretend" party, anyway.

One of our very best poets wrote the little poem about *The Mountain and the Squirrel*, ann it would be a fine one for you to learn next time you have to speak a piece. Better learn it now.

Now that you know what *Mr. Bluebird's Secret* was, why don't you get a grown-up to help you make a secret for some other bluebirds who will soon be looking for homes like his?

The Wind really couldn't blow houses up again after it had blown them down, could it. But the wind does some curious things for all that. Ask some grown-ups to tell you some of the things they have heard about the wind doing.

Get your father and mother to play the game that *The Merry Americans* played in Chapter III.

Don't you think that is a pretty poem about *The Little Kite?* Suppose you make a kite and go out and fly it. You don't need to let it fly away with the wind, you know.

Guess what the Mayor could possibly want to see Raoul about in the next chapter of *Little Allies.*

Do you think you would like *A Pleasant Change?* What other things do you like to eat that would taste good and still not be so likely to make you ill?

Read the advertisements through once, and then ask a grown-up to read them to you, and see if you can guess who the advertisers are without hearing their names read. You can make a real game of this.

Offer to send in a subscription to Little Folks for some friend and earn a premium for yourself. Twelve full months of fun for $1.50.

AEROPLANE

Boys, we have a real Aeroplane for you. Modeled after famous war monoplanes. Called the Eagle because of its long soaring flights. The powerful motive power carries it right off the ground. Looks fine sailing in the air. Strongly built. Will last long time. Length 23 in. Wing spread 21 in. Free for selling 24 packages Bingo Household Products at 10c each. Order today. Send no money.

Bingo Co. Dept 199 Binghamton.N.Y.

CAPSHEAF

The Safety Pin Without a Coil

SAFETY—to the person and for the fabric pinned

Since the first safety pins were invented many improvements have made them still safer for the user. The safety of the fabric pinned was not considered—until the inventor of the "Capsheaf" made a safety pin without the coil spring which catches and tears clothing. Send 10c. for the sample dozen to 101 Franklin St., New York City. Use Capsheaf once and you will always use it.

Made in all sizes. Stiff, strong, sharp; the delight of trained nurses.

JUDSON PIN CO., M'f'rs. Rochester, New York

Playthings *for* Spring

JOYOUS outdoor toys—playthings—rosy-cheeked dolls—toys that roll and prance or fly—that permit girls of all ages—and boys too, to get out in the happy springtime air and romp and play all day.

They are American-Made Toys—playthings of our own country for our own boys and girls.

Insist upon them for they are best, accurately made—leading the world in novelty, in beauty and in design.

Buy American-Made Toys. Ask for those that bear the emblem.

This space is contributed to the cause of American industries by the Toy Manufacturers of the U. S. A. Flatiron Building, New York.

American-Made Toys

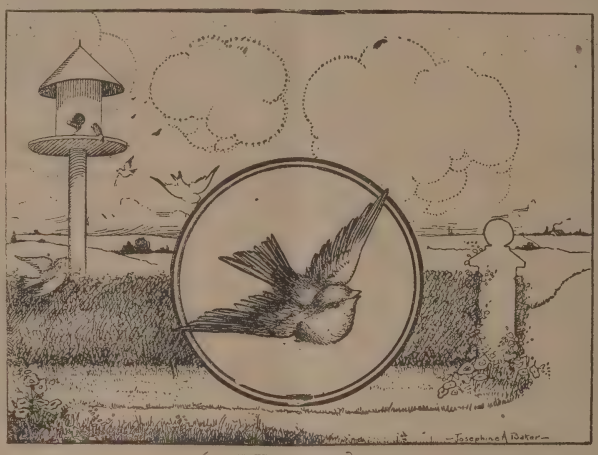
Something to Look for Outdoors

WHO AM I?

I AM a welcome sign of spring.

I come, while the snow is yet on the ground, to tell you that the cold winter will very soon be over; that soon the flowers will bloom and trees be covered with green leaves and all the earth be glad.

I wear a blue coat, bright as the spring sky, and a warm cinnamon-red waistcoat. My voice is very soft and sweet. When the wind blows cold and ice is still on the ponds making it hard for you to believe that spring is near, if you listen you will hear me sing "Tru-al-ly," for *I* know that warm, sunny days are coming.



WHO AM I?

If you will set up a little house for me in an apple-tree or on a pole, I will make my home there. I will line it with grass and soon there will be little blue eggs in it. When the baby birds come from the eggs, I will feed them with insects and that will help the garden and orchard.

I stay with you until late in the fall, long after many other birds have gone south and sometimes, if it isn't *too* cold, I stay all winter.

QUESTIONS

Do you know my name?
Why do people like to have me near their homes?
Do you know any other signs of spring?

Josephine Ames Baker

SOMETHING OTHER READERS HAVE WRITTEN

Over in the next column, you will find the best story and the best poem for March, written by Little Folks readers. The prize for the best story goes to Miss Ruth Meredith, of San Francisco, California, and the prize for the best poem goes to Miss Elizabeth Locke, of Montreal, Canada. Both authors sent illustrations, but please remember that we cannot print pictures with your stories and poems because there isn't room.

For April, we will give prizes for the best story and the best poem about the picture on the cover of this month's magazine. Stories should not be over 300 words long, and poems should not be longer than 8 lines. *Write in ink, please.* Contributions are due March 15.

MARY AND THE ALLIGATOR

By Ruth Meredith

LITTLE Mary had been picking buttercups and chasing butterflies all day and now she was tired.

Mary lived in California, but was visiting with her mother in Florida. It had been a very hot day and she was bare-footed.

She carried her buttercups carefully in one hand and her sun bonnet in the other. As she entered the gate she saw something outside the barn. She ran around to see what it was. It was an alligator, but Mary had never seen an alligator and so did not know what it was.

She learned from her Uncle Will what it was and that he had killed it that afternoon. She looked at it a long time. She walked all round it and then very cautiously put her little foot on it.

Suddenly the alligator raised its great tail and gave one big flop. Down fell Mary's flowers and sun bonnet and with a scream she ran to the house. "Oh, my foot, my foot," she cried.

Mother picked Mary up and looked at the little foot. "I don't see anything except dirt," she said. "What happened to it."

"That big fish of Uncle Will's hit it with his tail," sobbed Mary. Mother laughed and cuddled Mary in her arms.

"I think you are just frightened," she said.

Presently Uncle Will came in. "The alligator really is dead this time," he said.

"Well," said Mary, "I'll never go near one again, even if it is dead."

MUMMY'S LULLABY

By Elizabeth Locke

WHEN the evening sun is sinking low,
Off to dark Dreamland I gently go,
And when in my bed so soft I lie,
Mummy will sing me her lullaby.

No one else but my Mummy will do,
When I sink to rest like falling dew,
And I find myself in Dreamland high,
For Mummy has finished her lullaby.

Once my dear Mummy went far away,
And Nurse sang me to sleep that day.
I turned to Nurse and said with a sigh,
"Can't you sing my Mummy's lullaby?"

But Nurse can't sing like Mummy, you know,
And she was offended when I told her so.
When Mummy came back, then I did not cry,
'Cause then she could sing me her lullaby.

A FREE Copy

of

The Children's Magazine

For Sending Us 10 Names

of children who do not take Little Folks, together with their mothers' names, and addresses.

OR

for the same number of names and 15 cents, we will enter your name for a 4-month trial subscription to The Children's Magazine.

This offer is not good without the ten names.

Use these blanks

Child's Name .....
Mother's Name .....
Street and No. .....
Town and State .....

Child's Name .....
Mother's Name .....
Street and No. .....
Town and State .....

Child's Name .....
Mother's Name .....
Street and No. .....
Town and State .....

Child's Name .....
Mother's Name .....
Street and No. .....
Town and State .....

Child's Name .....
Mother's Name .....
Street and No. .....
Town and State .....

Child's Name .....
Mother's Name .....
Street and No. .....
Town and State .....

Child's Name .....
Mother's Name .....
Street and No. .....
Town and State .....

Write additional names and addresses on a blank sheet of paper.

S. E. CASSINO CO., : : : SALEM, MASS.

This Dandy Paint Box

Contains 38 water-colors, crayons, etc. With this complete outfit you can color all the pictures in LITTLE FOLKS and lots of others.

This great, big, handsome paint box is certainly a "dandy." It contains 6 crayons, 20 pans of water colors, 8 boxes of moist colors, 4 tubes of paint and a camel's hair brush. There is everything a boy or girl needs to paint or color with. All the paints are non-poisonous. The box itself is large and strong, made with hinged cover and beautifully decorated with colored lithographs. For any child who is fond of coloring or painting this is a fine outfit.

Show Little Folks to your friends and tell them the regular price is $1.50 a year but they can have it four months for 25c. if they have never taken it before.. Write out the names and addresses of six such friends, and have them pay you 25c. each. You send $1.50 to us with the names and addresses and we will send you a Dandy Paint Box.

(*Use a sheet of paper for extra names and addresses.*)

This Coupon Saves You 25 Cents

S. E. CASSINO CO., Salem, Mass.

Send "Little Folks" to me for the next four months for enclosed 25 cents. I will notify you at the end of four months if I wish you to stop sending it.

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S. E. CASSINO CO., Salem, Mass.

Send "Little Folks" to me for the next four months for enclosed 25 cents. I will notify you at the end of four months if I wish you to stop sending it.

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"AD" VENTURES of the IVORY HEROES

Chapter III. The Giant tamed.

DOWN through the coils of sooty smoke our heroes soon beheld the giant creature who in rage so horribly had yelled. He was at least three towers tall and *thick* in like proportion, and, *oh*, the dirtiness of him was certainly a caution! What made the sooty smoke that rose defiling all the land? He carried one great burning pot of soft coal in each hand. He waved these pots with frantic spite, and thought it was a joke to *blow* into the burning coals and thus increase the smoke. Of course, the soot flew all around and settled everywhere on noses, shirts, and petticoats, polluting all the air. The people in that wretched land gave up in dull despair, 'twas hopeless trying to be clean with such conditions there.

They bombed him.

a perfect lather.

Our IVORY heroes saw at once the situation and determined how to take the case immediately in hand. Down swept the IVORY bombing plane upon the sooty beast and *bombed* him well with IVORY SOAP—five hundred cakes, at least. So stunned was he by this assault, so dazed and stupefied, that ere he knew it, he was down and most securely tied. 'Twas just a trick of Bill the Goat—a clever bit of "roping" preparatory to a treat of cleanly IVORY SOAP-ing.

Then he was moistened thoroughly, or *soused*, I should say rather; this plus more IVORY SOAP produced a very perfect lather. Our heroes cleansed him up and down and put out all his smoking; Bill butted him to keep him soft by way of pleasant joking. "Enough, enough," at last he cried. "Will you be good?" cried Peter. "I will. No dove of peace could be a nicer or a sweeter."

So Giant Soil was Spoil no more. His land was sweet and clean. Nowhere around were whiter clothes or fairer noses seen. As Betty says, "Our IVORY SOAP cleans up the Giant Trouble. A rainbow gleams with hopeful beams in every sunny bubble."

So little readers, IVORY SOAP another victory wins; and, if you'll wait, why, presenily, another tale begins.

IVORY SOAP CALENDAR

For Nurseries and Schoolrooms of Younger Children. Write the Proctor & Gamble Co., Department JM, Cincinnati, Ohio.

PROCTER & GAMBLE EST. 1837 STANDARD PRODUCTS

IVORY IT FLOATS

IVORY SOAP 99 44/100% PURE

Reprinted By Permission of JOHN MARTIN'S BOOK THE CHILD'S MAGAZINE

Doin' up the Dishes.

MOTHERS! FATHERS!

How Much Work Should the Children Do About the House?

Have You Solved This and Many Such Problems that Confront You In the Bringing up of Your Family?

MANY children make a big fuss about doing simple tasks about the house. How many women and young girls you hear say they hate to wash dishes or sweep. It all depends on how they are started in their early childhood, which attitude they take towards household tasks and other work, too.

Many great men attribute their success in life to the start their mothers gave them when they were boys. Few mothers realize the immenseness of the opportunity that lies in their power when molding the lives of their children. Your children can all have the ambitious ideals and moral principles you mothers desire if you will only grasp the great opportunity in your hands to form ideals and standards in your boys and girls.

Mothers can teach their boys the fundamentals of business right in their own homes while they are still in school, by careful training in earning money, care of money, simple accounting for their money, etc. Mothers can teach their girls the real, big things that count in life as no school teachers have the opportunity to teach them.

Don't put off laying the corner-stone of your children's ideals and ambitions. You may be very busy with all sorts of duties, but stop and consider. Isn't your own child's welfare the most important thing in your life? One week from now you will not be able to remember the very things that seem so important to be done this minute; ten years from now you will look back and say: "Did I do right to let the trifling routine duties and interests take up so much of my time when I should have given more of it to studying my children?"

What Would You Do?

to stop a child from running away?
to teach honesty to children?
to instil high ideals in their minds?
to cultivate a love for good reading and when would you begin?
to determine what amusements are wholesome and what ones bring physical benefits and how much time should be devoted to them when a girl has reached the dreamy, dawdling age?
to teach a child that a good time is not the chief end of existence?
to offset the bad influence of the "movies?"
to teach self-reliance and self-control?

Sit down right now and send for Zelia M. Walters' book, "First Lessons in Child Training." It's written just for parents like you to help you with the everyday study of the needs of your children.

It's cost is triflingly small and within the reach of every one. It is published at almost cost for the good of mothers who will take the trouble to send for it and read it, so don't delay and store up regrets for yourself.

Use this Coupon or send a Letter

CHILD WELFARE DEPT.
LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE, **Salem, Mass.**

GENTLEMEN:

Please send me postpaid a copy of Zelia M. Walters' book, "First Lessons in Child Training," for which I enclose / will send } 60c. It is understood that if I am not fully satisfied with the book the 60c. will be refunded provided I return this book within 5 days after receiving it.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Let This Coupon Help Solve Your Child Training Problems

LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE S. E. Cassino Co. SALEM, MASS.

SING a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye;
Four and twenty black birds baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened, the birds began to sing;
Now wasn't that a dainty dish to set before the King?

CRAYOLA

Drawing Crayon for Little Folks

38088 11-19-27
Harriet A Painter
R D 1
Wooster Ohio

"CRAYOLA!" That's the name to use when buying drawing crayons for your little folks. CRAYOLA is made in twenty-four permanent, brilliant colors that will not smear or run.

These colors can be worked, one over the other, so that any effect can be produced. They completely eliminate the untidiness which is likely to accompany the use of watercolors by children.

Your Stationer Sells CRAYOLA!

No. 50 "CRAYOLA" KINDERGARTEN SET, shown above, is a pleasing gift for little folks and also admirably adapted for use by grown-ups in stenceling on fabrics This outfit contains twelve assorted colors — paper-wrapped crayons six inches long, one outline drawing book and three art stencils, all in a serviceable box, 10¾"x6¼", with hinged cover.

No. 8 CRAYOLA, shown above, to the left, contains eight colors — paper-wrapped crayons, 3⅝" long, and is a very popular assortment for children who are just beginning to develop interest in drawing in colors.

No 24 "RUBENS" CRAYOLA, shown above, to the right, contains twenty-four assorted colors in the patent shoulder box. Made by an improved French process. These crayons are especially adapted to stenceling.

BINNEY & SMITH CO.
81 Fulton St., New York City